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A
JOURNEY TO THE HIGHLANDS
OF
SCOTLAND.
With Occasional Remarks
on
Dr. JOHNSON's TOUR:
By a LADY. X



J. and J. Johnson delt. *W. Walker scd.*
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T

TO THE
RIGHT HONOURABLE
THE
EARL OF SEAFCORTH.

My LORD,

THE timidity which naturally attends a young author on presenting her first attempts to the public is obvious; and will, I hope, plead her excuse for the ambition of wishing your Lordship to patronize

tronize them; for, to whom indeed, could an inexperienced candidate for fame so properly fly for shelter, as to *him*, whose taste and approbation will give it *eclat*, and success, in the world, and whose politeness and candour will excuse the errors of a female and unpractised pen?

The intention of the following work, is, to give a just representation of a country, that hath been honored by giving birth to your Lordship's illustrious ancestors;

ancestors; in *that* point I flatter myself I have in some measure succeeded. In point of diction, I may have failed; but had I the skill of a Millar, or a Montague, it should have been employed on the same subject. I am, with the greatest respect,

My Lord,

Your Lordship's most obliged
and obedient humble servant

THE AUTHOR.

P R E F A C E.

TH E following letters are selected from a correspondence, begun, continued, and completed, upon motives of amusement, invitation, and tenderness. I took up the pen, indeed, to prove what will, I believe, be found universally true upon all human occasions. Meditating an excursion into the interior parts of the kingdom of Scotland, I had scarcely lost sight of the towers of

London, even at the end of my first stage, before I felt that, according to Mr. Pope,

“ Self-love, and social is the same.”

We may transport our persons, I perceive, to the remotest regions of the earth: From Caledonia we may direct our rambles into the deserts of Arabia, but the mind still remains untravelled, and clings fondly to that dear, and domestic circle whom we have left over our own fire-sides, and whose prayers and wishes are for ever on the wing to keep pace with our migrations. As the chaise therefore ran rapidly along, bearing

bearing me every moment farther from the scene of my accustomed conversation, and the beloved objects, by whose ingenuity they were supported, I resolved to make my journey in some measure compensate the fatigue of undertaking it. This, first suggested to me those pleasures which are allowed even to absence, the pleasures of the pen; accordingly, I resolved to travel rather critically than casually, rather to accommodate my friends with information than merely to gratify the greediness of vacant curiosity. The consequences were, I did not suffer the postilion to indulge his professional passion, to pass

briskly through any parts of cultivated country, or rattle rapidly over the pavement of towns, that were fertile of remark, but ordered him to go sentimentally; In a word, I rode pencil in hand, employing myself in drawing a sketch of the landscape, whether of hill or valley, morass or mountain, as it lay before me; a task, not the less agreeable for its abounding in novelties; or for the various prospects which rewarded it. To this vanity, indeed, may be attributed the spirit which resisted the inconvenience of sometimes travelling over beats of almost immeasurable sterility: But to these, a

gayer

gayer and fairer complexion of country always succeeded, which, seconded by the hospitality every where shewn to me and to my party, an hospitality, which marks the characteristic feature of the kingdom, not only made amends for those occasional glooms which seemed to breathe the spirit of melancholy, from the surrounding barrenness, but gave to the whole that sort of chequer-work; which, inevitably mixes with every business, and every pleasure, in the circumscribed journey of Life. On my return to London, after I had reciprocally given and received the embraces of welcome, I

was

was not a little surprised, (and I am woman enough to own, not a little pleased) to find those running papers which were trusted to the post, very favourably received by those to whom they were addressed. Nay, how shall I escape betraying the symptoms of vanity, when I further observe that Lady * * * had taken the pains, by the clue which the knowledge of my connexions gave her, to obtain copies from every other correspondent, and to put the little bundle, thus affectionately collected, into the bands of a literary gentleman?

To

To cut short a preface that begins to threaten prolixity, I must observe, that an interview was soon appointed betwixt me and the gentleman alluded to.

The volume annexed to this very preface, shews the result of our conversation. I was persuaded, that, if I had not done every thing which might have been performed, I had noticed several things worthy of being made publick, which more laborious travellers, and some of those who absolutely journeyed ex officio, had neglected, or overlooked. Thus en-

couraged, and thus advised, I sat soberly down to the business of transcribing. The next step is obvious; I was hardy enough to visit the perilous path that leads to Pater-noster-Row—I saw myself going to the press—I caught up the first sheet, and was really delighted—I collected every fair proof as it came out, and saw my letters swelling gradually into a volume, with a new-born rapture which always attends the juvenile mind on such occasions—The bookseller talked of advertizing, and under the pressure of a thousand pains and pleasures, I wrote this preface.

What remains to be said; the volume is just going into the world—I dare not proceed, I have done my best, and am therefore somewhat relieved. The public are generous, and I sollicit its candour for the first effort of a female pen, very accidentally brought forward to their tribunal.

THE

This image shows a page from a document that is severely faded and overexposed. The text is mostly illegible but appears to be in a standard serif font. The page is filled with dense, illegible text that is too faded to be read accurately. There are some faint horizontal lines and what might be headings or section markers, but they are not clearly legible. The overall appearance is that of a very old or poorly preserved document.

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LET.

[22]

LETTER I.

To LADY MARY B—

Edinburgh, July 29, 1775.

I Now take up the pen (in obedience to my dear Lady Mary's commands when I left England) to give her some account of Scotland and its inhabitants; yet I cannot, at present, say much as to either, having only been a few days in the capital. Nothing need be said of the road between England and this place, it being so universally known, since the legislature thought fit to

B

form

form an act which hath rendered it so usefully fashionable to the happy race of Hibernian heroes and English *misses* longing to throw off the leading-strings of parental restraint. For, the glowing females of the present generation are not to be tyed down by either prudish or prudential duties, to fathers and mothers, or any such antiquated doctrines.—No, forsooth, liberty! dear liberty is the *TON*; and, so, heigh for a chaise and pair, and *Gretna-Green*; for *that* you must know is the place, where (notwithstanding the frigid feelings of the natives) Hymen lights his hasty torch for those, that ride post to the land of matrimony.—But the most laughable

able circumstance is, what you may depend upon as a fact, that, this kind physician of eloping lovers, is by vocation a blacksmith, who on the sight of a chaise throws down his hammer, and runs to the church to give his benediction to the fighing pair; I had not the pleasure of seeing him, or his place of residence: yet I must not forget to tell you, that though they who visit our Vulcan, go, now and then, upon the wings of passion, the blacksmith himself makes it, uniformly, a mere matter of busines. When the conjugal *work* is brought to his anvil, he always strikes the iron while it is warm, and often proves himself,

B. 2

alas!

alas! but too able an artificer, at connecting the *links* of the matrimonial *chain*. Neither would I have you imagine, our quondam self-ordin'd priest acts so much out of *character* neither, for, consider in the first place, that Vulcan himself was the son of that very goddes Hymeneal Juno, whose peculiar province it was to preside over the mysteries of the married pair: and, secondly, that he was the husband of the beautiful Venus, and, consequently, nearly related to the little God of Love himself. So that you see, his random reverence of Gretna-Green may not only boast poetical licence for pursuing his occupation, but also plead the
privi-

privilege of his family. From this *prolific* soil, we went across from Morpeth to take a view of ALNWICK-CASTLE, the seat of the present Duke of Northumberland, and formerly, of that renowned warrior the Earl of Percy, whose death gave a subject for the best Old Ballad in the English language. The castle has been entirely rebuilt, but so, as to retain its ancient appearance of plainness and strength—The ramparts which surround it, are mounted with cannon; the statues, formidably armed *cap-à-pe*, seem to frown protection on the battlements; and the solemn stillness that invades the traveller, while he sur-

ways the structure, produce upon the mind a very pleasing effect ; nor does the edifice promise to the spectator's curiosity more gratification *without*, than he enjoys *within*.— The interior apartments are large, and finished in an elegant stile ; every room is decorated in the most magnificent and superb manner, and, what cannot always be said on the same subject, arranged and disposed with a taste that doth honour to the worthy possessors. But I will hasten to conclude, having, I fear, long since tired you : my next, shall contain some remarks on Edinburgh, and I shall then endeavour to atone for the tedious prolixity of my present

[7]

sent address. In the mean time
(tho' I have cross'd the Tweed)
believe me to be yours with the
utmost sincerity.

84

LET.

LETTER II.

To LADY MARY B—

Edinburgh, August 5, 1775.

I Now design to answer my obliging friend's claim upon me by giving her some account of this place. It is, I am sensible, an arduous task I have undertaken, to attempt the description of a city which has been displayed already by others, so much more capable; but the desire of friendship is a sufficient excuse. On entering Edinburgh, the metropolis of Scotland, the very capital in which once resided her kings; an Englishwoman is rather struck

struck with disgust, than pleasure—
for the streets are narrow, except a
very few of the principal ones; and,
from the stupendous height of the
houses, dark and gloomy; and what, in my opinion, most shocks
English delicacy, is, to see all the
streets filled with the lower class of
women, that wear neither shoes nor
stockings; nor can it fail to strike
any female, with an air of poverty,
to whom such sights are unusual.
But, so much has custom rendered
it supportable, and even agreeable
to these people, that, I actually
heard a young Highland woman say,
she thought the greatest punishment
that could be inflicted on her was
the

she being obliged to wear shoes; but, though she was now tolerably reconciled to them, she never could prevail on herself to bear the confinement of stays.

The new town is built after English models; but the houses of the old, are mostly ten stories high, some fourteen: and the frequent rains that fall here, occasion it to be very dirty, and render it a truly disagreeable place to live in. Holyrood House, once the palace, is a noble pile of building, has a number of fine apartments in it, which are occupied by several of the nobility. In Lord Bredalbane's there are some

re-

remarkably splendid full lengths by Vandyck ; and by Sir Peter Lely, the Duke and Dutches of Lauderdale, and the Earl of Jersey—to which are added some beautiful views of his Lordship's seat at Taymouth, which I hope soon to see, having heard very high encomiums on it.

In Lord Dunmore's, there is a fine piece, very large, said to be done by Vandyck, of Charles the first, and his Queen, going to ride, with the sky showering roses on them ; an odd idea of the painter, though not a bad emblem to hold up to a King, as it shows, that the

fairest flowers are planted with thorns. The most agreeable circumstances attending this place are its pleasant walks : the Coulton Hill, a little way from the town, is charming, enjoying a beautiful, and almost unbounded prospect both of sea and land ; it is the mall of the Scotch ladies. I have many times seen this circular walk graced with forms, that could not fail to raise love in the men, and envy in the women ; the last, being indeed, the natural consequence of the first. I may venture thus much to you, who have not one spark of that baneful quality in your composition, even though you are a woman, and a beauty.

The

The ladies here, are, the great *sublime in beauty*, most of their favourite toasts being five feet eight, or even nine. Methinks, I hear you laugh, and say, what chance stands my little lively friend? Why, they look at me with as much wonder as did the Brobdignags at Gulliver, and spare me, I suppose, out of compassion to my diminutiveness: in my turn I am content, their beaus being much too *bigb*, to raise in me an aspiring expectation.

I had almost forgot to mention the CASTLE, where they show you the room and bed, in which the unfortunate Mary was delivered of

James

James the sixth—it has nothing else remarkable—but is literally built on a *rock*, and appears to be impregnable; it would at least hold out a term full as long as the siege of Old Troy; before this, you think, *my letter* will do the same, which makes me hasten to conclude myself yours, most sincerely.

LET-

LETTER III.

To the EARL of C——

Glasgow, August 10, 1775

I Should naturally wish to be excused writing to a person of your Lordship's known sense and judgment, had I not experienced your *good nature* equal to your other perfections; but *that* it is, which encourages me to throw off diffidences, and depend upon the leading quality of your character to plead my excuse. The place of date shews you that I write this at Glasgow, being on a tour to Inverary; this town (Glasgow) is a very good one, and

and ought to figure considerably in the history of *modern Scotland*; the houses are well built, and the streets broad and well paved. There is an air of *metropolitan dignity* in it, (notwithstanding the cold look of the stone houses) which entitle it to a much greater share of the traveller's admiration, than even the capital of the country; for Edinburgh is not only dirty, dismal, and irregular, in many parts, but seems more contracted, and is built upon a less liberal scale—Glasgow, hath also the great advantage of superior architectural uniformity; insomuch that, if a few unequal, petty cts were pulled down, and others correspond-

corresponding with the modern plan substituted in their stead, there would not, perhaps, be in any part of Britain (Bath excepted) a more spacious, or a better arrangement of buildings—It is, by far, the greatest commercial town in the kingdom, and that very mercantile spirit, produces those effects in the appearance of the people, which commerce never fails to bestow,—industry, content, and opulence ; whilst in Edinburgh, there is a poverty, and a sort of northern misery in the very features of the commonalty—*here*, on the contrary they appear happy, and debonair. Labour is sweetened by the comforts that attend it, and the

exigencies of poverty, are supplied by the most grateful means in the world—by the exertions of her own *diligence*; such will ever be the benefits arising from the seats of trade, to every part of mankind. If your Lordship will pardon me a quotation, I should tell you that I am irresistibly tempted to throw out a few a-propos verses written by a celebrated Scotch bard, on the blessings in question—When a woman sets *her heart upon any thing*, you know, my Lord, 'tis not in nature, or argument, to make her easy. In short, my dear Lord, I am so poetically inclined, just now, that I must risque them. Here they are.

" These are thy blessings, INDUSTRY! rough
power!

Whom labour still attends, and sweat, and
pain;

Yet the kind source of every gentle art,
And all the soft civility of life:

Raiser of human kind.

Hence every form of cultivated life,

Hence COMMERCE, brings into the public
walk

The busy merchant:

All is the gift of INDUSTRY: whate'er
Exalts, embellishes, and renders life
Delightful——"

But to return from poetical descrip-
tions to plain matter of fact. The
college is a large handsome build-
ing; it looks equally venerable
and classical. The library is a very
noble room with a gallery round it,

supported by pillars ; there is likewise a very good collection of original pictures shewn here, with which I was very agreeably entertained, though no virtuoso or connoisseur. Here is the only cathedral remaining entire in Scotland, which the levelling fury of rapacious reformation luckily spared ; there is a church under it, where divine service is performed for those people who think religion best enforced, by gloomy displays and terrific appearances. Undoubtedly, this subterraneous place of worship is happily enough calculated. For my part, I never am so thoroughly disposed to indulge the feelings of devotion,

votion, as when she comes to me arrayed in the robes of a forgiving seraph, and, I conceive, terror and holiness, are ideas which can never be, at the same time, associated and reconciled. No, my Lord, that *religion* which is from *above*, is rational, benevolent, and smiling; but the piety, or rather the hypocrisy, which *frowns* its votaries into penury, mortification and abstinence, is from *below*, and will never promote the felicity of man, or the honour of God. The black and dismal looks of this *Golgotha* strike horror in the beholder: nor, indeed, do the Scotch bestow any decorations on their churches, so that

they may safely say with Pope:

“ No *silver* saints, by dying misers
given,

“ Here, brib’d the rage of ill-requited Heaven;

“ But such plain roofs as piety could
raise,

“ And only vocal with the Maker’s
praise.”

There, my Lord, is a second quotation for you. How easy and natural the gradation from one trespass to another—The places of worship being “ made vocal with their Maker’s praise,” is certainly their greatest recommendation; yet, surely, if it is the taste of the times, to lead us into vast expences to ornament our

our private villas, it is but reasonable that, those structures which are consecrated to the Deity should at least *partake* of the splendor, if our ambition were not to *surpass* it. The only embellishment, however *bere*, is the sable walls being daubed over with white spots, at which on my expressing wonder, our conductor (with no appearance of ridicule in his face) informed me, it was meant as an emblem, to signify *tears*. I am certain thought I, if I stay here much longer it will have the effect of drawing some *real* ones from my eyes:

“ For, here sits Melancholy, and
round her throws

“ A death-like silence and a dread
repose.”

C 4

A third

A third copy of verses slipping from
my pen! Fie upon it—sure I am
posseſt by the very dæmon of poetry.
I dare not trouble your Lordship
with any more on the subject least
the gloom become contagious, and
those vapours should invade your
Lordship, which have seized

Your much obliged
obedient Servant.

L E T.

LETTER IV.

To Miss —————

Glasgow, August 11, 1775.

WITH the greatest pleasure,
my dear sister, did I receive
yours at Edinburgh; you desire me
to write to you, and like the rest of
my friends in England, tell me, you
expect to be highly entertained with
an account of all the places I see:
Is not that making rather hard
terms with me? for, how can I be
answerable, that, what gave me
great pleasure in viewing, will give
an equal degree of pleasure to you
in describing? But take the follow-
ing

ing as a specimen.—In our way to this place, we took a view of Hamilton, the seat of the present Duke of that title; it is a noble pile of building—but, unfortunately, the architects who planned *this* seat, and most others in Scotland, chose, in obedience to the prevailing notion, “to wrap their talents in a napkin,” by burying their houses in a bottom, rather than displaying them on an eminence. Thus, they lost a fine prospect; but their motive was evidently that of utility, designing by such an entrenchment, and fortification of surrounding hills, to shelter themselves from the winds, which are,

are, without doubt, very keen and searching here in the winter.

The same passion of *immuring*, indeed, prevailed, formerly, in countries, where the same apology doth not offer itself in palliation of what we should now call, a *false taste*. Even in travelling through the several parts of *England*, (where the elements, tho' precarious, are yet by no means so generally tyrannical as in the bleaker and more mountainous countries,) one observes the remains of this propensity in our progenitors, to hide themselves behind an immensity of stone-walls, and of *inhospitality* concealing from the

the traveller the cheerful prospect
of a mansion-house, a park, or a
pleasure-ground.

Thanks, however, my dear, to the
fair and *open* temper of the times,
every thing is now sufficiently dis-
played; and, whatever charges may
be brought against the moderns;
neither moralist, critic, or cynic
will, I believe, reproach them for
concealing *their possessions*; or, indeed,
for veiling from the general eye ei-
ther the beauties of building, the
ornaments of *horticulture*, (surely
I may in *my* journey, my dear, be
allowed one hard word) or the
graces of the person.—It is a very

shewy

newy age, sister, and such is, at present, the prevailing spirit, that I know not any one so antiquated, as to hide a single spangle of splendour, on any account.

The gallery at Hamilton, is of a great extent, and there are many other good rooms which are furnished with some excellent original paintings; one by Rubens, of Daniel in the lion's den, esteemed a capital performance. A strong faith, in the Omnipotent disposer of mankind, for his preservation, is finely expressed in the face of Daniel, though surrounded by those terrible and ferocious animals, who appear

ready to devour him, but are restrained by an invisible power. The marriage-feast by Paul Veronese, is a very fine piece; Fielding, earl of Denbigh in his grey hair, a gun in his hand, and attended by an Indian boy, is esteemed one of the best of Vandyck's portraits; it really appears to have life and action. It was, indeed, a noble proof of
“ The living image in the painter's breast,

“ Whence, endless streams of fair ideas flow,

“ Strike in the sketch, or in the picture glow.”

A head, said to be Anna Bullen's, very beautiful, dressed in purple, edged

edged with ermine, drawn with a
veil over her face, but so transpa-
rent, as not to conceal the beauties
under it. There are a great number
of other pictures equally worth no-
tice ; but I have mentioned more
already, than I have been able to do
justice to ; so, will leave them to
some future traveller, more capable
of the task.

But I cannot quit the subject
without telling you, that on looking
at that admirable piece, Daniel in
the lion's den, I could not help
smiling to think, that, setting aside
the company of the real lions, the
sight of the picture would be capa-
ble

ble of throwing a dozen of our modern maccaronies into fits. About a mile from the house, on an eminence is Chatelrault: it was intended for a banqueting-house, it commands an extensive, and beautiful view of the country; there is a very fine ruin of an old castle to be seen from the gardens, and one of the most romantic walks you can conceive, through which we returned to Hamilton; the water gushing through breaks in the opposite rock, falls with a pleasing noise into the river that rolls beneath your feet, with a hanging wood above; which entertained us all the way, with a concert by the winged inha-

inhabitants of these Arcadian scenes : a charming place this, for a poet to woo his muse, or a lover to whisper soft things to his mistress, especially, as the blind urchin is totally driven from cities. But I must conclude ; the chaise is at the door ; I step into it, to pursue our journey ; which will, probably, be the occasion of pursuing my cursory remarks.— Meantime, believe me,

Ever

Yours.

D L E T-

LETTER V.

To LADY MARY B—

Loch-Lomond, August 13, 1775.

I Write this from a place, my dear Lady Mary, of which I am (to use a woman's word) extravagantly fond, being one of those rural, and romantic spots which the Arcadian swains were poetically supposed to enjoy in the Golden Age. The road between this and Glasgow is very pleasant; and in our way, we passed by the obelisk that has been erected by a relation to the memory of the celebrated Smollet. I had literary curiosity enough, you may be sure,

sure, to get out of the chaise to read the inscription, which, I expected, to find sensible or pathetic: but, alas! as Goldsmith says, by the venison pasty, I was presented with a pillar where the writing *was not*—it, in fact, having not a single letter engraved, to acquaint the traveller, (as a trophy of fame) to whose commemoration it is sacred. Where were the Muses of a Beattie, a Home, a Richardson, or an Ogilvie? Had they so soon forgot, one of the greatest ornaments of their country? Or were they, even *after death*, jealous of that posthumous reputation, which however great, cannot gratify the object on whom it is bestowed? Poor

Smollet lies without a verse: This neglect is the more unpardonable, my dear Lady Mary, as the Doctor, in one of his latest publications, speaks very handsomely of this very spot. That the blush of omission may be deepened in the cheeks of his fellow poets, I shall transcribe his very sentiments on this subject; not *only* indeed, for the above reason, but because *his short* description may serve to elucidate mine, which is more exact and explicit. "We have fixed our head quarters," says the Doctor in the expedition of Humphry Clinker, "at Cameron, a very neat country house belonging to Commissary Smollet, where we found

found every accommodation we could desire. It is situated like a druid's temple, in a grove of oak, close by the side of Loch-Lomond, which is a surprising body of pure transparent water, unfathomly deep in many places, six or seven miles broad, four and twenty miles in length, displaying above twenty green islands, covered with wood; some of them cultivated for corn, and many of them stocked with deer: they belong to different gentlemen, whose seats are scattered along the banks of the lake, which are agreeably romantic, beyond conception." But still, my dear Lady Mary, although our poet hath

D 3 thus

thus made Loch-Lomond,
“ Live in description, and look
green in song ;”
not a bard, I say, hath had the
gratitude to bestow a few tributary
verses. What a reflection then to
the bards of Caledonia, to let a
brother poet remain unsung ! His
friend, no doubt, did all he could ;
for, you know, it is in the power of
many a man to raise a monument
that cannot write an epitaph. But
peace to his manes ! and may he
meet that recompensing wreath of
bays in the Elysian shades, which
his countrymen seem not very
ready to grant him on earth !
Excuse this digression from *my de-*

scription of Loch-Lomond, which, you will now consider as supplemental to Smollet's. This beautiful piece of water, has (for I was very exact) *thirty* islands on it, all finely fertile; some have luxuriant trees growing on them; and one in particular hath the ruin of a castle, which being nigh the centre, adds greatly to the beauty of the prospect. It luckily proved a clear day, and we went all round them in Sir James Colquhoun's pleasure-boat, the proprietor of this pleasant, I had almost said paradisiacal spot. I saw the floating island mentioned by Smollet: it is evidently a part of the *bank*, which the rapidity of the torrent has

forced off and carried with it into the lake; it is not large, and often undulates from one side to the other. Sir James, planted some little trees on it, but they do not thrive, though the sod has a beautiful verdure. We landed on one of the islands, which is planted with yew, and stocked with deer: we saw a great many of them; and walked up a high hill that presented us with a prospect too pleasing to be well described by your correspondent. Picture in your imagination the sun shining with all its splendour on the Loch, unruffled with the least wind, and these fairy isles scattered on the surface in “regular confusion:” On one side

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the woods, and corn fields in all their luxuriance grow down the slopes close to the margin of the water ; on the other Ben Lomond rears his lofty head as if he bid defiance to those clouds, which, I have seen hanging miles below its top. This hill, at the end of the Loch, is a wonder in its kind : its sides appear a fine green ; it is six miles from the base to the top : I could have liked to have ascended it, but found no one willing to accompany me on so romantic a tour, so was obliged to content myself with a distant view of this magnificent object. Sir J—C— told me, there was a young Scotch lady that

that walked up in the morning and returned to dinner without appearing tired: I think I hear some fine lady amongst my own countrywomen, who affect to be tired to death with a couple of turns in the Mall, exclaim, Oh! what horrid, indelicate creatures must those women be that could *form* such a plan, much less *execute* it! But I know you will join me in despising the affection of those females who think, because indulgent Fortune has thrown a coach in their power, they are not to make use of the gifts Nature has bestowed. At the end of Loch Lomond, as we stopped to bait, at a little inn, in our way to the

the Duke of Argyle's, I saw upon a pane of glafs very legibly cut by a diamond, some verses by a poetical traveller, containing a very exact description of Ben Lomond. Though the usual scratches upon tavern windows will seldom bear even reading, yet those were so agreeable an exception to the rule of general nonsense, and indelicacy, that I thought them worth transcribing; the trouble of which I undertook at the cost of penciling upon my knees. But as they were scarcely ever made public, they may perhaps please you, and that will be a delightful recompence.

Verses

Verses on BEN LOMOND.

Written on a Window.

STRANGER, if o'er this pane of glass
perchance,
Thy roving eyes should cast a casual glance;
If taste for grandeur, and the dread sublime,
Prompt thee, Ben Lomond's fearful height
to climb;
Here stop attentive, nor with scorn refuse,
The humble rhimings of a tavern muse:
For thee the muse, this rude instruction
plann'd,
Prompted for thee, her humble poet's hand.
Trust not at first a quick advent'rous pace,
Six miles its top points gradual from the base
Up the high rise, with panting haste I paſt,
And gain'd the long laborious steep at laſt.

More

More prudent thou, when once you pass the
deep,

With cautious steps, and slow, ascend the
steep.

Oh, stop awhile, oft taste the cordial drop,
And rest, oh rest, long, long upon the top.

There hail the breezes, nor with toilsome
haste,

Down the rough slope thy useful vigour waste;
So shall thy wond'ring sight at once survey,
Woods, lakes, and mountains, vallies, rocks
and sea;

Huge hills, that heap'd in crowded order
stand,

Stretch'd o'er the Western, and the Nor-
thern land:

Enormous groupes; while Ben, who often
shrouds

His lofty summit in a veil of clouds,
High o'er the rest, exulting in his state,
In proud pre-eminence, sublimely great:

One

One side all aweful to the astonish'd eye,
 Presents a rise three hundred fathoms high:
 Which swells tremendous on th' astonish'd
 sence,
 With all the pomp of dread magnificence.
 All this and more shalt thou with wonder see,
 And own a faithful monitor in me.

J. R U S S E L.

Adieu, my dear Lady Mary:
 And whilst I censure the female fol-
 lies of the age we live in, may I
 improve by the virtues that consti-
 tute *your* character, is the sincere
 wish of

Your much obliged friend,

and obedient servant, &c.

L E T.

LETTER VI.

To the EARL of C——

Inverary, August 14, 1775.

I Have been for some days past, my Lord, on a pleasant tour through the Western Highlands. This is written from Inverary, the seat of the present Duke of Argyle, but which was originally the property of the Campbel family, and after that, inhabited by the wonderful and whimsical Colin, who is reported to have set fire to his house to gratify his ambition, of displaying

ing to a friend the grandeur of his equipage in the field. This superb modern building was begun by the *late Duke*, and finished by the *present*; it stands in a park surrounded by immense hills, planted, to their summit, with firs. Loch-Fine, an arm of the sea, rolls close to the town, which is all re-building with stone by the Duke; and will, when finished, make a handsome appearance. The castle is genteelly furnished in the present taste, and from the number of bedchambers, is capable of entertaining a numerous train; which provision, indeed, the gloominess of the situation must render very necessary; for,

for, they tell me, it rains here eleven months out of the twelve, which, I think, may be easily accounted for, from its near affinity to the sea, and the mountains that surround it; for, as a *learned* and elaborate traveller, in his usual pomp of phraseology with great *scrupulosity* of *minute investigation* observes, " where there are many mountains, " there will always be much rain, " and the torrents pouring down " into the intermediate spaces, sel- " dom find so ready an outlet, as " not to stagnate, till they have " broken the texture of the ground."

The philosophy as well as the philology of this passage, is, to be

E sure,

ture, very profound, and meant, pretty near as much, as many other parts of this investigator's visionary journey: not that I mean, my Lord, invidiously to rob the gentleman of the praises due to him for several *real* discoveries which are scattered through his publication: such, for instance, as that, “mountainous countries are not passed without difficulty; that, climbing is not always necessary; that, what is not mountain is commonly bog, through which bogs, the way must be picked with caution.” These ingenious and important informations, have, I perceive, already attracted the ridicule of our acute English critics, and,

as the subject hath fallen in my way, I could not help joining the chorus of ironical approbation for the edifying remarks of the great D. J—, of whom, however, I must take leave at present, not without a promise to return again soon, and *bend a keener eye*, upon his *volume of vacancy*. The castle of Inverary is in a bottom, the great fault of all their houses in this country; for you do not know you are near any inhabited place, till you find your chaise at their gates. We have, unfortunately, been favoured with a specimen of the weather natural to the place, having been unable to walk out,

for some of the heaviest rains I ever saw. I began to tremble—Heaven forgive me! least the world was once more destined to be destroyed by a deluge; even now, my Lord, it is pouring down in torrents. We shall quit it to-morrow, “nothing loth,” without penetrating any farther into the Highlands, *this way*, and return by the same road we came, which is, to me, not a displeasing one, though the major part that travel, are of a contrary opinion: I cannot better describe it than by saying, it strikes a pleasing gloominess that I do not dislike, being so new to me, who have only been used to bowl away upon a turn-

turnpike road in England. It is called Glencroë: the road has been rendered good by the soldiers; it lies in a glen between immense mountains, that rear their black and naked tops much above the clouds. I saw some horses that appeared cropping a miserable mouthful, half way to the top, which, from their height, did not appear bigger than spaniels: My wonder was what the brutes could possibly find to eat; but a Scotch horse is not the nicest animal in the world, and will live any where. Perhaps, they have sufficient sagacity of instinct, to imitate the frugal maxims of their masters; and the pampered English

horfes, and English riders, are not far enough *North*, and too much accustomed to the softening luxuries of the *South*, to adopt that general habit of oeconomy, which, from the highest to the lowest order of men, is here the characteristic. I must not forget to tell you, there is a continuation of natural cascades falling all the way, which gives a grandeur and sparkling splendour to the scene, which render it awfully delightful. There is something exquisite to me, even in the *cadence* of a cascade: as I listened to it in this captivating spot, I really felt my imagination expand, and if I had any thing of the bard in my

com.

composition, this would have been the moment of inspiration. Alas! my dear Lord, the Muse would not come at my bidding, and I was obliged to recur to the description of one whom the Muse more highly favoured. *His* cascade is so like mine at Glencroe, and so much better painted than I could have painted it, that I scruple not to invite your acceptance of a transcription; though as I trust wholly to memory, not having the book with me, I may perhaps transcribe incorrectly. Should this be the case, you know what excuse is to be made for it.

“ At first, an azure sheet it rushes broad :
“ Then whitening by degrees, as prone it
falls,
“ Dash'd in a cloud of foam, it sends aloft
“ A hoary mist and forms a ceaseless shower ;
“ Then, falling fast, from gradual slope to
slope,
“ With wild, inflected course, and lessen'd
roar,
“ It gains a safer bed, and steals at last
“ Along the mazes of the quiet vale.”

It is now proper to acquaint
you, that, soon after our return to
Edinburgh, we shall pursue our
intended journey into Murrayshire ;
and if any thing occurs that I
think will be in the least pleasing
to

[57]

to your Lordship, I will continue
to scribble.

I am,
with the greatest respect,
your most obliged servant.

LET.

LETTER VII.

*To the EARL of C—**Sterling, August 22, 1775,*

I Resume the pen, my Lord, to let you know, we are once more in motion, having turned our backs on Edinburgh, and begun our journey into Murray. You desire me to continue writing, and to make my remarks on things as they strike me—You shall be obeyed; so when you are tired, do not complain. We yesterday dined at Linlithgow, famous for the remains of the palace, where

where Mary Queen of Scots was born, but which has nothing now remaining except the outer walls. It appears from the roads a fine ruin ; it was burnt in forty-five by the King's army. The next stage was Falkirk, and from thence to Sterling, where we lodged : We this day took the track of the rebel army, and were I to offer my opinion from the observations I have been enabled to make of the life and manners of this people, it would be, that, their so easily gaining followers, and possessing themselves of these towns, is not at all surprising ; since those, who were well-affected to government, were so few, in

com-

comparison with that ignorant multitude, which run with the stream, and are one moment ready to join the Pretender's standard, and the next, on sight of our troops to discard their new-acquired friends and throw up their bonnets for KING George.

“ Some popular Chief
 More noisy than the rest, but cries halloo,
 And in a trice the bellowing herd come out;
 And one and all is the word;
 They never ask for whom, or what they fight,
 But turn 'em out, and shew 'em but a foe;
 Cry liberty, and that's a cause of quarrels.”

Is it then matter of wonder that towns should yield, which had it

not

not in their power to make the least resistance to this rabble of desperadoes? for *such*, and not an army, it might, with justice, be styled. But a truce with politics, they ill become a woman's pen; and I know not a more ridiculous character than a petticoat pedant, or politician. Nevertheless, being on the spot, which, at that period, set all England in a tremor; I was led irresistibly to these consequent reflections; let this plead my excuse. I this morning took a view of STERLING CASTLE, which stands on a very high rock, fortified impregnably by nature. Within its walls is a square building ornamented with

pillars

pillars resting on strange grotesque looking figures. It was once the palace of several of the Scotch kings. From the ramparts of the castle, you are presented with one of the most romantic and beautiful views in Scotland ; you see a vast plain waving with yellow corn (now in all its beauty) adorned with woods, and watered by the river Forth ; which though but four miles of water, by its various mazes and labyrinths, peninsula-like, covers twenty miles of ground, and appears, to a casual observer, not as one river, but a number of rivers. I think one of the greatest beauties that Scotland eminently possesses, is, their many

many noble rivers, which is, a full compensation for that general want of wood which is complained of by *unsatisfied* travellers ; that, are so far from being contented with the prospect before them, they must forsooth, have towns and countries made on purpose to please them, or else they exclaim against art and nature, even for presenting them with that very variety, which constitutes the greatest entertainment. Nor do these querulous gentlemen seem to reflect that, if the face of the earth was naturally uniform ; if destitute of that diversity, which it derives from the hill and valley, the barren heath, and the blooming garden, there would

would neither be any motive to excite the curiosity of the traveller, nor, perhaps, any incentive for one country to connect itself *commercially* with another. But with respect to Scotland it is but in a few places totally *denuded*. I mean not to insinuate, like the pedantic Dr. J—, that there are but two trees in one county, and they *stumpy*: Dr. J— is a gentleman whose ability and veracity as an **HISTORIAN**, I must beg leave to call in question, in spite of that curious *adaptation* of high-flown words, which he hath, with great labour, jumbled together for the *edification* of those good people that travel in their closets; to such only, must

must his tour be addressed, since those who go the same road, will soon be *convinced*, how false an account he has given of a country, to the hospitality of whose inhabitants he owns himself so much obliged. As a *theorist*, I allow Dr. J— to be a very moral man; but as a *practical moralist*, at least while on his tour, I have as great an objection to him, as I have to his biographical, *second-fighted* effusions: for, what shall be said of a person, who, after many printed confessions of constant kindness, goes deliberately through an extensive tract of country, drinking your drink, eating your bread, reposing on your bed, and then, with *premeditated malignity*, dip-

F ping

ping his goose-quill in gall, and returning into his own country, merely to swell her triumph over that, which hath cherished him? Is it not, my Lord, (to adopt the nervous language of that Shakespeare whom he hath *elucidated into obscurity*)*

“ As his hand,
Should tear the *mouth* that lifting
food to't?”
I cannot think that, a greater misfortune can attend a people, than for these snarlers, (who from the nature of their constitutions and their cloistered habits of life, ever look on the black side of the prospect;) to visit any nation as *literary* travellers,

* Alluding to Dr. J—'s edition of Shakespear.
lers,

lers, since they travel not with intent to give the world a fair account of manners and customs, but merely to exaggerate the bad and sink the good. This is the natural consequence arising from the writings of a Dr. J——, which ought to meet with the contempt that a false representation of a very worthy set of people deserves. The length of my letter frightens me, therefore I will not add a word more than that

I am, my Lord,
your much obliged servant.

LETTER VIII.

TO LADY MARY B—

Edinburgh, August 18, 1775.

WHEN we returned to Edinburgh, my dear Lady Mary, we made a party to dine at ~~LINE~~ ROSENCASTLE, a place which hath given its name to one of their pretty plaintive tunes, of which you are such an admirer. We are apt to consider such places as the classic ground of Scotland; which hath certainly produced some pathetic poets, as well as illustrious historians;

rians ; and we have as much pleasure in sitting under the bushes of Traquair, the birks of Invermay, or on the banks of the Tweed, listening to the songs of the poets, as in reading the profounder pages of Philosophy, or tracing the biographical annals of the *historic* Muse.

Rosline Castle is situated on a little hillock on the banks of the river Esk. It appears by the thickness of the walls, and the extent of the foundation, to have been a strong place ; and was the seat of a prince of Orkney, who an old woman, — the Cigetone of the place — assured us, was the second man in the kingdom, and that his wife was dressed in velvet ;

this was all the information *she* could give *us*, and, therefore, all I can give *you*.—The chapel, which lies about 200 yards from the castle, is more modern; and, though our old woman descanted on its antiquity, by the fiddles and other ornaments on the roof, cannot be above 400 years old. The pillars that support it are all different in form, and one of them, which is thought the handsomest, though I cannot tell why, is called the Prince's pillar, or the 'prentice's—our conductress told us a legend of the master's having killed his 'prentice through envy, because he had excelled him in the construction of it. I own I

saw

saw nothing to envy in the beauty of any pillar there; but then it must be considered, that perhaps I understand as little of the beauties of architecture, as those by whom these pillars were planned. There is a vaulted chapel underneath the other, which has a holy-water fount, and other remains of the popish decorations; which makes me wonder how it escaped the rage of reformation with so little damage.—Near this place is a pretty little inn, where we had most excellent trout and eels just taken from the river below us:—the poultry too was superior to what we generally meet with,

and the civility of the people rendered it one of the most agreeable jaunts I have yet had.—Before I conclude my letter, (tho' I am afraid you are already yawning over it) I must present you with an elegy, or a song, or a something, which a gentleman has lately wrote on this delightful spot: it conveys a very good idea both of the ruinous and flourishing beauties of the place. You will, perhaps, not value very highly the production of a Northern Muse, nor would you scarcely imagine at times, there was heat enough in the climate to kindle the enthusiasm of the bard: But I doubt not you will be (as *I* was) of a contrary opinion,

opinion, when you have perused the following stanzas ; and that I may no longer detain you from them, I conclude myself,

Yours, sincerely.

ROSS

ROSLINE CASTLE.

AT dead of night, the hour, when courts
 In gay fantastic pleasures move,
 And haply Mira joins their sports,
 And hears some newer, richer love ;
 To ROSLINE's ruins I repair,
 A solitary wretch forlorn ;
 To mourn, uninterrupted, there,
 My hapless love, her hapless scorn.

No sound of joy disturbs my strain,
 No hind is whistling on the hill ;
 No hunter winding o'er the plain ;
 No maiden singing at the rill.
 Esk, murmur'ring thro' the dusky pines,
 Reflects the moon's mist-mantled beam ;
 And fancy chills, where'er it shines,
 To see pale ghosts obscurely gleam.

Not

Not so the night, that in thy halls
 Once, ROSLINE, danc'd in joy along ;
 Where owls now scream along thy walls,
 Resounded mirth-inspiring song :
 Where bats now rest their smutty wings,
 Th' impurled feast was wont to flow ;
 And BEAUTY danc'd in graceful rings,
 And Princes sat, where nettles grow.

What now avails, how great, how gay ;
 How fair, how fine, their matchless
 dames !
 There, sleeps their undistinguish'd clay,
 And even the stones have lost their names ..
 And yon gay crowds must soon expire !
 Unknown, unprais'd, their Fair-one's
 name :
 Not so the charms that verse inspire,
 Encreasing years encrease her fame.

Qh

Oh Mira! what is state or wealth?
The Great can never love like me;
Wealth adds not days, nor quickens health;
Then wiser thou, come, happy be;
Come, and be mine in this sweet spot,
Where Esk rolls clear his little wave,
We'll live—and Esk shall, in a rot,
See joys that Rosline never gave.

LET.

LETTER IX.

To Miss _____

Tay-Bridge, August 25, 1776.

I Received my dear sister's agreeable favor, just as I was leaving Edinburgh for my northern expedition; which has, hitherto, been fraught sufficiently with adventures to entitle us to the honourable order of Quixotism, and to confer upon your correspondent the dignity of a Lady-Errant. But to let you see I do not complain without reason, I will give you the journal

of the last four days.—Wednesday, we lay at Mr. Seton's, a very pretty Highland place, three miles from Sterling, made doubly agreeable by the hospitality and politeness of its owner.—Thursday, after breakfast, we set out for Crief, where one of the horses fell sick, and we were forced to stay.—Friday, proved a day of misfortunes. Indeed, we had scarce quitted the house when the horse appeared almost too bad to go on. The road was rather disagreeable, laying between immense “cloud-topt” hills, which strike with awe and wonder the astonished beholder. But it is in vain to attempt a description, as none can convey

convey an adequate idea of those stupendous mountains. They were not like Dr. J——'s hill, *perpendicularly tubulated*, but they rather answered the description of a poet not much less laboriously affected; Sir Richard Blackmore of rumbling memory:

“ Ridges of high contiguous hills arise,
“ Divide the hills, and penetrate the skies.”

When we arrived within three miles of our stage, the horses would not go any farther; there was no resource, but to unharness and bait them, while we took up our abode in a hovel filled with hay; which place might, I think, justly be styled, A place (in the language of

a coun-

a country sign) affording *Entertainment for Man and Beast*. Here we sat an hour and an half ; till, being quite frozen with cold, I was obliged to take the shelter of a little hut, the inhabitants of which made me a fire, and treated me with untaught good-nature and hospitality. The sentiments of poor Goldsmith were personified, and I *saw* the very scene he hath so pleasingly painted in his Traveller. With involuntary ardour, and to the infinite surprise of the good people of the cottage, I broke forth into quotation, and applied the Traveller's language.

“ Blest

" Blest be this spot, where cheerful guests
retire,

To pause from toil, and trim their evening fire;

Bless'd this abode, where travellers repair,
And every stranger finds a ready chair:

Blest be these feasts, with simple plenty
crown'd,

Where all the ruddy family around,

Laugh at the pranks or jests that never fails;

Or sigh with pity at some mournful tales,

Or press the bashful stranger to his food,

And learn the luxury of doing good."

But alas ! this Arcadian liberality is too seldom found in houses of the genteel and polished part of the world ; for, certainly, benevolence is cemented with our beings, and we are delighted in obeying the

G dictates

dictates of nature; till art, that spoiler of many natural good qualities, makes us assume a look and behaviour, foreign to our hearts; for who, my dear sister, chooses to appear in their own character, where all around them are in masquerade? Your true men of the world, those men, my sister, who pique themselves upon the adoption of fashionable maxims, and who move in the sphere of elevated duplicity,

“ Can smile, and smile, and murder while they smile,
 And cry, content to that which grieves the heart;
 Can wet the cheek with artificial tears,
 And frame the face to all occasions :

Such can deceive more slyly than Ulysses,
 Such can add colours even to the cameleon,
 Change shapes with Proteus for advantages,
 And send the murd'rous Machiavel to
 school."

But to quit extracts, and proceed—
 With all this trouble we could get
 but eleven miles this day, and lay
 at Hamilrow, a place, where, from
 its situation and appearance, it is
 impossible to harbour any thing but
 gloomy ideas. And, were an En-
 glishman or woman to lodge here
 in the bleak black month of No-
 vember, the consequences might be
 fatal. Even I, (who you know,
 have none of the saturnine dispo-
 sition of my country) could not

help declaring, I would not live there one week to be mistress of all the surrounding hills: for, be it known, the eye can discover nothing *but* those hills. This morning, we left the dreary place to meet with worse misadventures than before. We had not proceeded a mile when the horses run back, instead of ascending a hill, and broke the pole, which luckily hindered the chaise from running back. We got out, and walked up; but neither ill or good usage could prevail on *them* to follow: we now found their only disease was being restive: With a great deal of trouble they were persuaded to

go

go two miles farther ; when, on the appearance of *another* hill, they performed the same trick, with some considerable additions ; for they would not move a foot. What was to be done ? there were no horses at the place we had left, and it was twelve miles to Taybridge, where if we had sent, it was very unlikely we should be better supplied, there being no post-horses kept on the Highland roads. In this terrible dilemma—chance, a goddess which is worshipped by not a few, stood our friend, and sent us help. She did not appear in the form of an Oroondates, mounted on a milk-white palfrey, shining

in burnished armour, and a helmet waving with feathers, like the toasts of Britain: no, she came to us in a much more desirable shape than all the knights of Chivalry, from Amadis de Gaul, to the famous knight of La Manca. We beheld her goddefship in the similitude of a return post-chaise, whose driver was, by the all-attracting and chemic power of gold, prevailed on to put *his* horses before *ours*, by which means, we got safe to Tay-bridge. Till we came to Sterling, we had passed our journey without any trouble, but who had a right to expect, it would continue? It was emblematic of our great journey

ney through life, where all must meet with their *black*, as well as *white* days, but we should satisfy ourselves with considering,

“ Tis not for *nothing* that we life pursue;
It pays our hopes with something still that’s
new :

Each day’s a mistress unenjoy’d before,
Like *travellers*, we’re pleas’d with *seeing*
more.”

Bravo! Mr. Dryden.

Adieu, my dear sister, you shall soon hear from me again, if I should get safe over these *Alps* of *Caledonia*, of which, I have rather my doubts.

Believe me, in all events,
Ever yours, &c.

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L E T-

LETTER X.

To LADY MARY B—

Taymouth, August 18, 1775.

AFTER innumerable perils and dangers, here I am, my dear Lady Mary, once more lodged in safety in an *enchanting* castle. Take notice, I did not say an *enchanted* one, though could fairy tales now gain credit, this might well pass for one of their palaces; but before I give you a description of it, I must inform you, that, for some days past, I have been travelling

ling through places so gloomy, that was I to attempt to describe them, it would give you the vapours for this month to come: But after we came within some miles of this place and began to descend into the vale, the country wore a most pleasing appearance; the contrast being so strikingly beautiful, from those truly barren rocks, to this cultivated valley, which continues to encrease in beauty till you arrive at Taymouth, the seat of Lord Breadalbane. This place, is said to carry the prize from all others in the Highlands, and well does it deserve to do so. For this favoured spot seems to enjoy every benefit of the boasted South.

South. Nature having poured out her blessings with the hand of profusion; every thing appears to grow with the greatest luxuriance: And the taste and spirit of his Lordship cannot be too much admired. Nature is assisted by art, just enough to add to, not rob her of, her beauties; which last is in general the fault of most modern improvers. How few men of property practise the precepts of Mr. Pope,

“ To build, to plant, whatever you intend,
 To rear the column, or the arch to bend;
 To swell the terrace, or to sink the grot;
 In all, let Nature never be forgot :

But

But treat the Goddess like a modest Fair,
 Nor over-dress, nor leave her wholly bare;
 Let not each beauty ev'ry-where be spy'd,
 Where half the skill is decently to hide.
 He gains all points who pleasingly con-
 founds,
 Surprizes, varies, and conceals the bounds."

Taymouth lies in a fertile valley bounded on each side by mountains planted with trees and cornfields. The policy surrounds the house, which stands in the park, and is a very good one, stocked with fallow deer, which are rarities in Scotland, their's being the red sort. Here is a magnificent walk composed of large trees, forming a gothic arch, which may, from its thick shade,

bid

bid defiance to Sol's most resplendent beams. The walk on the banks of the Tay is fifty feet wide, and two and twenty hundred yards long; nor that I measured it, but so said my informer. It is to be continued as far as the meeting of the two rivers, the Tay and the Lion; which will make it as long again as it now is; and it may then be said to stand unrivalled in this country. We will now, if you are not tired, take a tour over the wooden bridge that is thrown across the Tay, and is two hundred feet long, and ascend the opposite hill to the white seat, where you have a magnificent and extensive view of the rich meadows,

the

the various windings of the river, the beginning of the Lough Tay, which has a very pretty island upon it, with the ruins of a priory, founded by Alexander the first, in 1122; in which were deposited the remains of his Queen Sybilla, natural daughter to Henry the First. It was founded by Alexander, that the monks might pray for the re-pose of his soul, and that of his queen. What absurdity in the Romish religion, to imagine that any set of men, sinners like ourselves, could have power to pray us out of purgatory!—Here is a very pretty edifice called The Temple of Venus, in which is a statue

of the laughter-loving Dame. You have from it a fine view. There is another to Apollo, and one to Boreas, and many more of the fabulous deities, to which his Lordship has raised temples; from all of which you have fine prospects. The castle is large, and there are many of the pictures of the famous Jamieson, a scholar of Rubens, the Vandyk of this country: of whose performances they are extremely fond; the genealogical picture of this family done by *him*, is esteemed a curiosity. I think it a very good method to hand down pedigrees by making the first of the family the trunk, and all his progeny the branches.

branches. I know you love long letters, but by the time you have got to the end of this, you will have little reason to complain. I have but just room in my paper to tell my dear Lady Mary,

I am,

her much obliged friend, &c.

LET

LETTER XI.

To the EARL of C———

Dunkeld, August 30, 1775.

EVER since I had the pleasure of writing to your Lordship from Sterling, I met with a series of disagreeable adventures, till I arrived at Taymouth castle, the seat of Lord Breadalbane, which we left Tuesday after dinner; and pursued our way for Dunkeld. The road is charming all the way; but being late when I arrived, hindered me from

from enjoying best part of the prospect it afforded.

“ The glimmering landscape faded on the sight.”

Wednesday we crossed the river and landed in the Duke of Athol's garden : it is situated on the banks of the Tay, and you have from the walks some fine wild views ; there is a number of trees that thrive very well. In the garden is the ruin of the cathedral, a noble and stately edifice, as may be seen from the pillars still standing, round which, the clasping ivy creeps : These consecrated ruins always fill me with melancholy reflections,

nections, for which that levelling reformer Knox, has given occasion enough in this country, all but one (as observed in a former letter;)* are mouldering in ruins.

" Around, you see, wild rugged heaps of stone,
 " Where pillars once of Parian marble shone :
 " Yet conscious what, those ruins were of old,
 " Who dares unmov'd, the mossy walls behold ?
 " I tremble at the Deity's abode,
 " And own the powerful presence of the God."

See Letter the VIIth.

One

One cannot, my Lord, behold such venerable reliques without a religious awe ; and poetry is frequently called in to aid contemplation. The ruins of an abby, a cathedral, or a castle, are, methinks, moral memento's of our own mortality. No wonder, therefore, that our most eminent writers have pathetically described those universal depredations of time and chance, which happen to all men. The aptness of the following verses, to the solemnity of my prospect, struck me ; and they are too *à-propos* to the occasion, and too admirable in themselves, to need an excuse for sending

ing them so many miles to your Lordship.

What does not fade ! The Tower that long had stood

The crush of thunder, and the warring winds,

Shook by the blow, but sure destroyer Time, Now hangs in doubtful ruins o'er its base,

And flinty pyramids, and walls of brass, Descend ; the Babylonian spires are sunk ;

Achaia, Rome, and Egypt moulder down, Time shakes the stable tyranny of thrones, And tottering empires rush by their own weight.

This huge rotundity we tread, grows old, And all those worlds that roll around the sun,

The sun himself shall die ; and ancient night Again involve the desolate abyss :

Till

Till the great Father, through the fifelefs
gloom,

Extend his arm to light another world,
And bid new planets roll by other laws ;
For through the regions of unbounded
space,

Where unconfin'd Omnipotence has room,
Being, in various systems fluctuates still
Between creation and aborred decay :
It ever did, perhaps and ever will,
New worlds are still emerging from the
deep,

The old descending, in their turns to rise.

But to quit philosophical reflec-
tions, and pursue our remarks on
the pleasure grounds of the Duke
of Athol.—In the walk that is by
the river, is a grotto ornamented
in an uncommon way ; it is built

H 3 of

of large coarse stones, on each of which are written verses on various subjects from most of the English poets. This little retirement may be said to afford food for the mind; there are some by the late Duke himself, one of which I transcribed with my pencil, and I here send you a copy:

" Whilst resting on this rural seat,
 " In this one hour of sweet retreat,
 " Oh! may my heart with thanks o'er-
 flow,
 " For all the good Heaven *did* bestow,
 " For every blessing—still possess'd,
 " Oh render thanks, my grateful breast.
 " May they, to whom this seat is lent,
 " With every good possess content;
 " Thank.

" Thankful to God for all that's given,

" Tread virtue's path, the path to heaven,

D—A—d."

These lines though passing well for a nobleman, who writes only for diversion, are by no means elegant or correct enough for a *professed* poet. It may seem somewhat spiteful therefore to desire your Lordship will read after them a description of a similar spot by one of the most agreeable writers on subjects of simplicity, that ever adorned the court of Pan or Silvanus.—Yet, I could have wished the Duke had found a place for the subsequent truly rural, and enchanting stanzas.

H 4

Your

Your Lordship will see, they derive
additional beauty by the air of an-
tiquity in spelling the words, ex-
clusiye of a rusticity perfectly ve-
nerable in the sentiment.

O you that bathe in courtly blisse,
Or toyle in Fortune's giddy sphere;
Do not too rashly deem amyssle
Of him that bides contented here.

Nor yet disdeigne the ruffet stoale,
Which o'er each carles lymb he flings;
Nor yet deryde the beechen bowle,
In which he quaffs the lympid springs.

Forgive him, if at eve, or dawn
Devoide of worldlie cash he stray;
Or all beside some flowerye lawn,
He waste his inoffensive daye.

On

On the other side of this river is a pretty romantic walk that leads to the hermitage: on the rock at the end of it is a neat pavillion, whose windows are formed of painted glas, through which you see the river falling from a surprising height into the horrid gulph beneath, with a most terrifying noise; and that which adds greatly to the formidable grandeur of the scene is, that by looking through that part of the window which is red, it appears to be sheets of liquid fire rolling down the rock like the lava of mount Etna. My ideas were so lively in picturing such images of horror, that I was obliged to turn from

indulging them, or from farther
contemplating the scene.—We are
just going to set out for Blair, and
the summons of the postilion obliges
me abruptly to conclude myself,

Your Lordship's
most obliged humble servant.

LET.

LETTER XII.

To LADY MARY B—

Dalvey, September 6, 1775.

BY the date of this, my dear Lady Mary, you will see I have got to the end of my journey. But I will, as you desire, continue the journal of the last four days before I arrived at this place—Wednesday, we left Dunkeld and set out for Blair. The road between those two places is one of the most agreeable I ever travelled, being all the way along the banks of the river

river Tay, which presents at one view corn fields, woods of natural oaks, plantations of fir trees; and in the back ground, immense rocks, whose rugged sides form a most striking and beautiful contrast to the pleasing vale below. I think nothing in nature can lull our turbulent passions, and give to the mind that sweet serenity so truly desireable, and so seldom found, as such a prospect in the deliciously-pacific calm of a summer evening. Such was the effect I found from it; for my sentiments always flow from my feelings— Thursday we took a view of Blair, a seat of the Duke of Athol's: the house

house is now modernized, but once it was fortified, and held a siege against the rebels in 1746. Indeed, I believe, there are few castles in the Highlands, which before the Union, have not withstood an attack, either from their neighbours or some more distant invader, as it was their great delight to harass and distress one another. Near the house is a fine walk of trees, which encloses a glen, and a cascade that falls from a great height; but I do not think it half so desireable a place to live in as Dunkeld. We now set out to pursue our journey, and made the first stage very well; but it was not destined, that we should

should reach our wished-for haven, without a few of those tremendous adventures, that give an air of the wonderful, in the recital of modern travels, in the recounting which, there is a sort of biographical licence allowed, or at least taken, of which, however, I promise not to avail myself, as I have not a pen for *embellishing*: I'll content myself in recounting facts, as they happened. We had got a few miles from our last stage when, on the appearance of a very high hill, opposite Loch Geary, the horses run the chaise close to the edge of the precipice. Happily, we were out of it, or I think we should soon have been

been with our ancestors in the shades below: they broke the pole in this barren place, the very worst spot it could have happened in. We were forced to sit an hour and a half, whilst the carriage was dragged up the hill by the post-boy, with the assistance of one old man and three old women, they being all the human creatures this dismal place afforded. There were now eight miles to go with a broken pole, which took up another hour in the mending, but by nine o'clock at night, we arrived in safety—Friday morning we set out again, when on the sight of a little hill, within four miles of Pitmain, those villainous horses performed

formed their accustomed trick, and broke the pole in a *second* place so bad, that we were obliged to walk those four miles, and have a new pole before we could pursue our ill-fated journey: there was no resource but patience — Saturday morning, left Pitmain, dined at Avely Moor, and arrived at tea at Sir James Grant's at Castle Grant — Left it on Sunday morning, and concluded all my adventures for the present by getting to Dalvey at dinner — Don't you give me joy — for fond as I am of travelling, I feel myself very happy in the idea of resting for some time. You must now write a great deal to me without expecting much in

[Fig 3]

in return, as the *still* life I am likely to lead for some time will produce little worth recounting.

I am,

my dear Lady Mary's

sincere friend.

I LET.

LETTER XIII.

To Miss —————

Dalvey, September 16, 1775.

YOU ask me, my dear Sister, for a description of this place. Inclination and obedience go hand in hand in every request you can possibly make. Take then the following general sketches—The house has nothing worthy remark but its situation, which is enchanting, being built on an ascent, which in England, might well be stiled a hill. The gardens are much below it; at

the bottom of which runs a beautiful little river over a pebbly bed. I call it little at this time, but they tell me, in the winter after great rains, it becomes a flood. I am not willing to believe that an object at present so inoffensive, can ever become one of terror and affright. Appearances, however, are not to be trusted; since it is but too usual to see the most amiable-looking objects, turn upon a nearer view, to the most alarming and dangerous;

“ All are not what they seem.”

However, I hope not to remain here late enough in the season to see this tranquil stream become a

turbid torrent. At the same time I must acquaint you that the account the people of the country give me of it, answers precisely to that description of an over-bearing flood mentioned in Homer— The woman's Homer, you may be sure, is, Mr. Pope's translation :

“ Thus from high *bill*s, the torrents swift and strong,

Deluge whole fields, and sweep the trees along.”

From the windows you have a fine view of the sea, and of the town and the harbour of Findorn: and behind that, the hills of Rossshire rise to view in magnificent arrangement;

ment; while around, you are presented with a fine plain rich in corn, abounding with wood, and interspersed with gentlemen's seats. They tell you this county has six weeks longer summer than any other in Scotland; I really believe it, for never did I experience such fine weather: They are blest with an horizon of the brightest azure, without a cloud. Here are likewise some of the prettiest walks, along the winding of the Bourn; and the beautiful and serene stillness of the evenings here, after a fine day, is beyond expression delightful: 'tis altogether the Elysium of Caledonia; and, whatever ill-natured pens may say

to the contrary, is not inferior to the most cultivated village in England. Never were scenes, or objects, more suited to serene contemplation.

" Here let me lie, where infant flow'rets blow,
Where sweetest verdure paints the ground
below;

Where the shrill warblers charm the solemn
shade,

And zephyrs pant along the cooler glade;
Where shakes the bullrush by a river-side,
While the gay sun-beams sparkle on the
tide.

Oh! for some grot whose rustic sides de-
clare,

Ease, and not splendour, was the builder's
care;

Where happy silence lulls the quiet soul,
And makes it calm as summer waters roll.

Here

Here let me learn to check each growing ill,
 And bring to reason disobedient will ;
 To watch this incoherent breast, and find,
 What favourite passions rule the giddy
 mind.

Here no reproaches grate the wounded ear.
 We see delighted, and transported hear,
 While the glad warblers wanton round the
 trees,

And the still waters catch the dying breeze.
 Come, every thought which Virtue gave to
 please !

Come, smiling Health, with thy companion
 Ease :

Let these, and all that Virtue's self attend ;
 Bless the still hour of Sister and of Friend.
 Peace to my foes, if any such there be,
 And gracious Heaven give kind repose to
 me.²²

Thus, my dear, you see when I
am become bankrupt, and have ex-
hausted my little stock of sentiment,
remark, or description, I draw upon
the poets, for a fresh, and indeed,
a far richer supply, whenever I re-
collect in their writings any pas-
pages a-propos to the subject in
hand. In short, with respect to
this spot, nothing is wanting but
an Amintas, to make me ima-
gine myself in Arcadia. Indeed, I
think you say something on that
subject in your last.—Remember,
my dear sister, my province is
to make *remarks* not *conquests*. I

112

am just going to take a solitary
ramble.

Adieu.

Ever yours, &c. &c.

LET

LETTER XIII.

*To the EARL of C——**Dalvey, September 22, 1775.*

I Have at last crossed the Highlands in safety, and I find myself situated once more in a flat country, with the hills which surrounded us before, thrown behind us.

Murray, is a rich plain, cultivated, even to a delicacy of luxuriance; especially in point of corn, which may rival the boasted production

duction of the English soil, eyen in
the center of Surry, amidst a
variety of fields and woods.

This house is venerable from its
antiquity, and hath just that monu-
mental mossiness, and antedeluvian
air about it, which would strongly
recommend it to our virtuoso's in
architecture. It is decorated, or
rather fortified with turrets, from
whence the original proprietors were
accustomed to shoot their arrows,
and fire their musquets, in order to
annoy their invaders. Indeed, all
the castles of this country are built
for defence; which precaution was
but too necessary in times of civil
commotions amongst themselves;

and

and it appears that they were always altercating; so that nothing but arms, and structures almost impregnable, could render either their persons or their property in any degree secure: especially as those who maintained the contest against them were more powerful. Let it be observed too, that their rapacious neighbours took every possible advantage of their weakness, or want of force; and, as is the common practice of war, to have the power to distress, and the inclination to use that power, was exactly one and the same thing. This, however, will cease to surprise, when we consider that every chieftain was absolute

solute monarch, and sovereign disposer of his own particular clan; that he styled himself patron and proprietor of all his tenants, whose wills, pursuits, and passions he held in vassalage. By virtue of this authority, however originally obtained, or with whatever tyranny carried on, these chieftains, could with all the supremacy of an oriental potentate, lead forth their slaves to battle; and that, without any nice regard to the justice of the cause, or to the propriety of the bloody engagement. The mandate of the chieftain was the universal law as far as his own *chieftaincy* extended, and he could direct the warrior to

twang

twang his bow, or discharge his musquet, upon any occasion, without assigning any equitable reason for so doing: Hence, it very frequently happened, that, a chieftain would involve his slavish subjects in the calamities of public contest, to gratify his private ambition, his envy, or his avarice. Such, in fact, was the general practice all over this country, till the union with England regulated the power, and put an end to the inhospitable bickerings of these petty princes, and chieftains: Add to which, the many wise acts since passed, have given a proper proportion of liberty to the commonalty. Industry, civiliza-
tion,

tion, and plenty, are the natural consequence of such political, public measures: Notwithstanding this, it was a good while before either the higher or lower degrees of the Scots, could be taught to consider the union of the kingdoms as either constitutional or salutary. Time, however, with its reconciling power, hath rubbed off these prejudices; and I dare say there are none of either rank, who do not rejoice at the friendship which subsists between the two countries. Near this place, is Forres in the moor, near which Shakespeare hath placed the first interview of Macbeth, and the wayward sisters. I have traversed over the

the spot thus solemnized by the monarch of the British drama, purely for the intellectual pleasure of treading on classic ground; but since the Witch Act has been repealed, I believe the very idea of enchantment and preter-natural appearances, is almost extinct, even in this, once superstitious country: at least I can assure your Lordship, I met, in my rambles across this charmed soil, no fine promises from either male or female conjurors.— You have from this moor a fine view of Rossshire, and the noble entrance into the bay of Cromartie, between two lofty hills; forming a beautiful and picturesque piece of scenery.

On

On the
fine 1
bones
are m
Forre
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castle
thing
bling
shall

On the north, is KINLOSS Abby, a fine ruin, and the place where the bones of many of their Scotch kings are mixed with their parent dust. Forres is a very pretty town; at the west end of which, are the wretched remains of Macbeth's castle. If I should meet with any thing while I am here, worth troubling you to read, your Lordship shall hear again from

your most obedient servant.

K

L E T.

LETTER XIV.

To LADY MARY B——

Dalvey, October 4, 1775.

I am to thank my dear Lady Mary for her very entertaining letter; and I think, I cannot do so more to the purpose, than by fulfilling her commands; and, as well as I am able, give her some description of the customs and manners of this people. The Highland ladies are, as with us, some very pretty, others not: They have strong passions; among which are, pride of ancestry,

ancestry, and a scrupulous care not to degenerate by mixing with plebeian blood. There are many ladies here, who would rather prefer marrying a *Chieftain*, and live secluded from the world on six hundred a year, than join themselves to a Lowlander, whose progenitors were born a few hundred years later, with treble that sum. I don't think the *gentlemen* are such dupes to this foible ; for, having most of them travelled, they know the worth of gold, and prize it accordingly ; by consequence, would have no objection to a rich *citizen's* daughter with a plumb. It was not long since a gentleman of this coun-

try married in London, and brought down here a broker's daughter, who gives herself more airs than a Duchess. This family-pride excepted, they are a very agreeable set of people, good-natured, sensible, and polite: they love dancing to excess, and are the best country-dancers I ever saw, and *keep it up* (as the phrase is) for hours together, with a life, vivacity and spirit, of which you can have no conception. In many houses, they still retain the ancient custom of the pipers playing all the time the company are at dinner, on his *horrid bagpipes*; this is to *me* more dreadful, than the grunting of pigs, the screaming of

of owls, and the squalling of cats. All these creatures in a concert would be to my ears pleasing, compared to that discordant instrument to which I have a natural antipathy. I was last Sunday, for the first time, at a Highland kirk, or church; and such a strange appearance as the lower sort of women make would amaze you. The married ones wear a handkerchief crossed over their heads, with two ends pinned under their chin, and the third flying behind; the young ones wear nothing but a ribband on their hair; the other parts of their dress are like those of the common people with us; only over all, they

K. 3. wear

wear a plaid, which reaches to their feet, and is wrapped over their head, so that nothing is left to be seen but their noses—The poorest sort of all, who cannot afford a plaid, rather than not be ornamented, walk forth arrayed in their blankets; so that when all are assembled in this strange fashion they really have just the appearance of a set of lunaticks. All here sing psalms; those who are fortunate enough to have a voice, and those that are not so fortunate, which sounds are very far from exciting the spirit of devotion. It surprises me, that I have seldom seen a pretty girl among the lower class, which

is so frequent in England: The only reason in my opinion to be given for it is, that female beauty depends much on delicacy; and the hard and laborious part which the women take in this country when young, accounts for their being coarse and disagreeable: so that there is but little temptation for a youth in this country to form amours, or indulge his inclination to gallantry. But there is still a stronger thing than their plainness to deter him, the law in this case; for if the girl prove with child, both of them are obliged to do *publick penance*, and the clergyman reads them a lecture of re-proof before the whole congregation.

This mode of chastisement appears to me very well calculated to keep them honest, as the shame attending the punishment will hinder the committing the crime, by which it is incurred. There is hardly ever such a thing heard of, as a Highland highway robber; their roads are not, like ours, infested by those pests to society. Your purse and your person are here equally secure; nor do their news-papers, like ours, shock humanity every month with an account of five or six and twenty poor wretches condemned to an ignominious death, the consequence of English voluptuousness. Their laws too are wisely calculated for

for the good of the community in general, and their church is under most excellent regulations ; their livings are from forty pounds a year to one hundred and fifty, with a decent house and some land : not, as with us, a vicar, with eight hundred or a thousand a year, will give thirty pounds to a poor curate to do the duty of three parishes, and maintain a wife and ten children ; but here, the clergy are upon an equality ; one man cannot enjoy three or four *fine-cures* nor are they allowed a curate, but in cases of real sickness. I have now given you all the information I am able of their *laws* and their *propbets*.

I must

I must own before I came to Scotland, I had, from wrong representations, conceived a very different character than what they deserve. I sincerely wish I had a pen equal to the task of justifying them and their country from those illiberal aspersions under which they have too long laboured, from a set of men, whose prejudices are such, that they think wisdom and worth confined to one spot only, and that spot without doubt, they think *their own*. May my breast never harbour such contracted sentiments, as I am convinced, that virtue is the growth of every clime !

“ Go

" Go search it there, where to be born and
 die,
 Of rich and poor, make all the history ;
 Enough that virtue fill'd the space between,
 Prov'd by the *ends* of being, to have been :
Virtue may choose the *high* or *low* degree,
 'Tis just alike to virtue and to me :
 Dwell in a monk or light upon a king,
 She's still the same belov'd, contented
 thing."

And no country, my dear Lady
 Mary, has produced men, more ca-
 pable of making a shining figure
 than *Scotland* ; as indeed our Senate,
 our Army, and our Courts, both of
 justice and politeness can witness.
 My paper being pretty well filled,

I am.

I am compelled to conclude myself, sooner than I could wish,

your Ladyship's

most obliged friend

and obedient servant

LET.

LETTER XV.

To the EARL of C——

Dalvey, October 20, 1775.

YOU complain, my Lord, of my long silence—I have the best excuse in the world for not writing; the having nothing entertaining to say. A few days since, I was on a party to Fort George; it is a strong Fortress; and has been built since Forty-five, as an Arsenal for arms: there is always a regiment of foot in the barracks, which are very handsome and some

Some very good streets ; the armoury
is prettily dispos'd, but I never can
conceive much pleasure in beholding
so many instruments of destruction
to my fellow-creatures. It
happened to be rough weather,
which gave us a noble and beauti-
ful, and I might add, sublime
prospect of the sea, the waves dash-
ing against the rocks half way the
battlements ; and as I am greatly
attached to such prospects, I was
highly entertained. In our return
we took a view of Cawder Castle,
a place well known in history for
giving the second title to Macbeth :
the old part of the building, is a
square tower, in which, they shew
you

you an old timber bedstead, the same; they say, in which Duncan was murdered. Murdered, my Lord, to place a short-lived crown on the head of the ambitious thane. But if, as the historians say, that horrid deed was perpetrated at Macbeth's castle at Inverness, it is very unlikely, the bed should be removed here. People that travel however, must often depend on the ignorant for information; and have need of a plentiful proportion of faith. I clambered over a quantity of tottering stone stairs, every step threatening the downfal of unwary strangers; even to the top, from whence you have a good view

view of the adjacent country. The woods of Cawder have a great many fine large oak trees, broom, alders, &c. &c. and below, you see a torrent of water roaring over a bed of rocky stones, in colour as black as Acheron, and appearing to look as if it was impregnated with all its deadly qualities. The larger part of the building is modern, with a drawbridge; but it is, altogether gloomy and tremendous.

I shall very soon leave this country for England; and as I shall return the coast road to Edinburgh, if I meet in my way anything

thing interesting, you may, as usual
expect to hear from,

my Lord,

your most obliged,

and very obedient servant.

L E T

LETTER XVI.

To LADY MARY B—

Bamff, October 25, 1775.

YOU will find, my dear friend, by this, that, like birds of passage, we are on our flight to our winter habitation ; nor was it before there was occasion, for we left Dalvey three days since, and have had nothing but hail and rain all the way to this place ; which has made the air intensely cold, and we very desirous to smell the smoak of London, and enjoy the jovial converse of

of my agreeable friends. The first day we dined at Elgin, a good town, but from the stillness of the streets, I believe, has but little trade. I went to see the ruins of the Cathedral, it has been both a magnificent and beautiful pile of building. There are two towers still standing; but the centre and spire are fallen, and with the monuments of the ennobled dead, form one undistinguished heap. Boethius says, that Duncan, murdered by Macbeth, is buried here, but there is no monument remaining to gratify the curious. I deplored the enthusiastic rage, which levelled so fine a structure. We lay at Gordon castle, a

large house, the seat of the Duke of Gordon. It has some good, well-grown woods round it; but is far from being built in a desireable situation, lying in a low swampy bottom. We left it early in the morning, and had a disagreeable day's travelling, which afforded nothing worth relating. The next morning we breakfasted at Cullen, and went to take a view of Cullen-house, the seat of the Earl of Finlater. It is situated at the edge of a very deep glen, full of large trees, laid out in pretty walks, which, being sheltered from the sea winds, are in a very prosperous state: Over the entrance is a magnificent arch sixty

feet high, and eighty-two in width: The house is large but irregularly built. There are some very good pictures here, but the most remarkable are, a full length of James the Sixth, by Mytens, redeemed from the fury of the mob, at the time of the Revolution, by the Earl of Finlater, at that time Chancellor; a portrait of James Duke of Hamilton beheaded in 1649; a half length of his brother, killed at the battle of Worcester, both by Vandyk; William Duke of Hamilton, President of the Revolution Parliament, by Kneller; Lord Bamff, aged ninety, with a long, white, square beard.

beard. His Lordship, at that age, incurred the resentment of the church for his gallantries; they certainly did the poor old gentleman great injustice, as I think, in this northern climate, *Love*, must have lost its power before that time of life. Here is a beautiful picture of the unfortunate Mary Stuart, drawn in a tight black dress, and about her neck a ruff, part of her hair turned grey, which is a proof to me, of the justice of the remark, that *care*, will have that effect without the concurrence of time. We got to Bamff to dinner, and having some time on my hands, I set down to let

my

my dear Lady Mary know, that
she may soon expect to see me in
London; 'till which happy period,

I am,

her most obliged friend.

LETTER XVII.

*To the EARL of C——**Bamff, October 25, 1775.*

THIS town, my Lord, is pleasantly situated on the side of a hill, has some very good streets and a handsome town-house. The Earl of Finlater has got a very pretty one, seated on an eminence near the town, and around it some pretty plantations of trees and shrubs. It commands a fine and pleasant prospect. In one of the apart-

apartments, is a picture of Jameson, done by himself, sitting in his painting room, dressed like Rubens, with his hat on, and his pallet in his hand; on the walls are represented the picture of Charles the First and his Queen, a head of his own wife, two sea views, Perseus and Andromeda, all the productions of his pencil. You will perceive, my Lord, by what I have just wrote, that, I am not of Dr. J—'s opinion, who, when he passed through this place, thought there was nothing worthy remark, though he found subjects for ill-natured satire, as the following is his account of it, on which I have

taken

taken the liberty to make some strictures :

Speaking of this place (Bamff) after describing the houses as miserable huts, he says, " that the art of joining squares of glass with lead, is either little used or totally forgotten here, as the frames of all their windows are wood;" I would ask, which has the best effect in the appearance of a house, wood frames, or those cemented with lead? Undoubtedly the first, as it is a more modern invention, and universally practised through England, which, surely he had forgot, and had I not myself, escaped without feeling

feeling such an effect, I should be apt to imagine the Tweed was possessed of the qualities of Lethe, and that a draught of it had the power to make one forget all that we had seen before. He regrets, that the necessity of ventilating human habitations had not been found out among our northern neighbours, or at least not practised, and thinks, a stranger may be forgiven, if, he allows himself to wish for fresher air. In answer to which, I must, in common justice own, I never found myself in any house in Scotland, which could, with the least reason, excuse me for forming such a *wish*. I cannot help thinking,

ing (in which I dare say the major part of his readers will join me) that, he has raked his remarks from the very lowest dregs of the people, with whom, I should be sorry, to suppose he kept *company*. Yet I am certain he could meet with none of the inconveniencies of which he complains, in any thing or any *where*, a degree above a Highland hut—Nay more, was he to travel through Cornwall, or any of the remoter parts of England, it would be found, that, if he meant to describe poverty and ignorance in the lower class of people, there was no necessity to have taken a journey as far as Scotland for that purpose: but, indeed,

deed, he seems conscious (to speak in his own words) that, “ the di-
“ minutiveness of his observations
“ will lay him open to censure, and
“ take from the dignity of writing.”
The event of his publication has confirmed his fear, as all who read that strange medley regret, that, a man, who has justly acquired great literary merit by his other productions, should fail so much in this—
Pity for that fame, so dear to authors, he had not contented himself with writing *Ramblers*, instead of taking a *ramble*; he either was guided in his descriptions by unjust partiality, which ought not to be the case with any writer; or he was
totally

totally unfit for the task he undertook. Let either, or both be the case, he has greatly exposed himself in the attempt; but in truth, where is the need to censure a man who condemns himself? and this he palpably does in the concluding lines of his *Tour*, " having passed my time almost wholly in cities," says he, " I may have been surprised by modes of life, and appearances of nature, that are familiar to men of wider survey, and more varied conversation: Novelty and ignorance must always be reciprocal, and I cannot but be conscious that my thoughts on national manners are

“ are the thoughts of one who hath
“ seen but little.” I perfectly
agree with him in the truth con-
tained in every line of the above
quotation; and I am sensible, if, on
my return to England, I deliver my
opinions, as freely as I have written
them to your Lordship, I shall lay
myself open to criticism; but I shall
not fear it, as nothing but justice
for the oppressed, could have obliged
me to have spoken my sentiments
on Dr. J——’s historical *Ramble*;
and, for that, I have, though a
woman, fortitude enough to stand
any attack from the pens of such
critics, in the defence of our moun-
tainous neighbours.

I am

I am just returned from seeing Duff-house, the seat of Lord Fife. It is a little way from this town; is a vast pile of building, with a square tower at each end; the front is fine, and richly ornamented with carving; but it looks melancholy, as if regretting its having no wings; I don't mean for the same reason the late Earl of C——d did, that it might fly away, for I really do not know where it could find a more pleasant spot to fix in; but in its present situation it makes me think of a fine statue without arms; the rooms are not so large as the outside of the building leads you to imagine. In the apartments
are

are the pictures of Frances Duchess of Richmond, a full length, in black, with a little picture at her breast, done in 1633 by Vandyk; some fine heads of Charles the First, and of his Queen; a head of one of the family of Duff, with short grey hair, by Alexander of Corseaday. I saw here a number of fine green-house plants, growing with the greatest luxuriance, exposed to the open air; and some myrtles, that appeared to me five feet high, which is, in my opinion, a strong proof that it is nothing but prejudice which can make us suppose any reason why, with proper care, the plants of all countries may not

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thrive here as well as in England. The Scotch for some ages past have been insensible of what degree of improvement their country was capable; but they have now opened their eyes to conviction, and I dare say a hundred years hence, our posterity shall behold them with a spirit of emulation making large strides to equal us; and this once naked country become a towering forest. Near the house is a beautiful shrubbery, with a walk two miles long, the river rolling beneath, and on the opposite side, some very noble rocks make it a sweetly-pleasing scene.

I am sure you will be frightened at the length of my letter, but it will afford you some comfort when I tell you it will be the last time you will hear from me, as I shall soon have the pleasure of seeing you in Old England, and tell you in person, how much I think myself

Your most obliged

humble servant.

F I N I S.



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